



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO MR. TOM CARELESS.

IGNORANCE and impudence are often united with presumptuous arrogance. In the mind, however, which is faintly irradiated with the light of learning, a sense of weakness almost always exists, and some traces of candor and honesty may generally be found; but associated with the most infatuated vanity, which is of so restless and importunate a nature, that, if the wretch under its influence, can obtain some feeble assistance, he launches beyond the limits of his powers and exposes himself to merited ridicule and contempt. This, sir, is precisely your case. Though you have not, like your predecessor *J. I.* meanly sought a refuge for your weakness in plagiarism,* you have, with the aid of a few trite quotations from Pope, ventured to insult the "patience of humanity" with a bantling of nonsense and ill-nature. The writings, however, of that eminent and justly admired poet, derive no honor from an association with the effusions of dulness and stupid malignity.

"Pope does the flourish'd truth no hurt,
While graceful flowers disguise it;
Thou daub'st it so with mud and dirt,
That not a soul espies it."

Like Dennis of London, you attach to your writings an idea of importance to which they are not entitled; and which nobody else does; and like his, sir, they should be treated with contemptuous neglect, were I not solicitous to preserve you from all the impending horrors of insanity. It is an act of humanity to avert the evils which threaten our fellow-creatures: nay, it is a duty en-

* The principal part of the celebrated, and "truly legitimate original" production of *J. I.* may be found in the sixty-ninth letter of Rousseau's *Emile*. By this quotation ("truly legitimate original") the writer does not mean to censure the Editor's remarks. It is true the sentiments did not seem to rise naturally out of the subject, but by his vicious orthography, and injudicious alterations, he had rendered it a perfect caricature of incorrect and illiberal compositions. Besides it was associated with bad company: we seldom expect to find an honest man in the company of thieves.

joined by christianity itself. The miseries of the unfortunate Dennis originated in vanity; and considering you under the influence of the same passion, I have reason to apprehend that you may one day be railing at mankind for neglecting your merit. Little as you deserve from me, I should be sorry to see you the inhabitant of some obscure garret, in a paroxysm of madness, bellowing in a strain more dreadful to an affrighted nurse and doctor, than the howlings of a tyger to a lonely and bewildered traveller.

You seem to be running the career which one of your quotations so happily delineates. Your days of criticism and poetry are probably past, and you are now in a fair way to become a fool. A prudent physician when he observes any indications of disease interposes his skill, and with timely caution administers preventives; and permit me, sir, to draw a picture of your own ignorance and weakness. Though self-love may stand aghast and view with wonder and regret the deformity of its beloved object; and though the nakedness of truth may be offensive to your feelings, it may operate as a timely preventive, and bring you back to that province for which you were designed by nature. I am glad, sir, to find you are endowed with a considerable portion of sensibility, as it gives me the most flattering hopes of success. Callous insensibility is equally regardless of truth and ridicule. But this is not your unhappy situation. Your feelings are alive to the impression of ridicule, and, when the first transports of passion have subsided, if self-love does not interpose her pernicious councils, you will doubtless bestow equal attention upon the representations of truth.

Your ignorance of logic is too obvious to render a compliance with your request necessary. I would not shrink from a controversy with one greatly your superior in knowledge and abilities; but a contest with you would be a disgrace, and victory a defeat.

Ignorant of the common rules of grammar, you are indeed a poor, pitiful scribbler. We shall soon see to whom Grub-street is, with most propriety, applicable. If inelegance, an awkward construction of sentences, incorrectness of thought and expression,

give any claim to the merit of a Grub-street writer, to you, sir, it belongs with peculiar propriety. But your writings, which are even beneath the dignity of Grub-street productions, would neither obtain you the price of a penny-loaf from a Grub-street publisher, nor extort one clap from the tipplers of an ale-house.

I shall now point out a few errors, which would disgrace a school-boy's theme; but flatter not yourself that they give any claim to merit; for if they do, the unfortunate *J. I.* has a better claim than yourself.

"The nature of mine you shall hear without preface or apology; and through the medium of your honey, I hope they will be palatable to the injurers themselves, and full retribution given to the injured, by giving to the world a speedy reformation."—Here is an omission of two words so indispensably necessary to the sense, that it is impossible to understand the latter part of this sentence without them. And full retribution will be given, &c.

If we may judge of what he has been from his writings, he has undoubtedly been a Rhymist. Witness the following, which he has dexterously crowded into one clause of a sentence.

"A liberal education,
Extensive information
And sound erudition,
Should possess a correct pronunciation."

"Heard of *he's* being."—How grammatically correct is this phrase!

"All acts," says this profound philosopher, "are either virtuous or vicious. Those are virtuous which tend to the general welfare and happiness of mankind; and those vicious which mediate or immediately produce discontent, uneasiness, or misery."—The assassination of a sanguinary tyrant, perpetrated by some vile creature for lucre, might tend to promote "the general welfare and happiness of mankind;" yet it could not with propriety be termed a virtuous action: and a moment's reflection will convince any person of common sense, that all actions are not vicious which produce discontent, &c. But he is probably as well acquainted with ethics, as he is with grammar.

"Remember I ONLY judge from the effects it has had upon your brain."—This affords a confirmation of the remark, "that in a mind faintly irradiated with the light of learning, some traces of candor may be found." It is a plain confession that his judgment differs from every other person's.

"To receive censure, is to receive praise."—Would he call the censure which an abandoned criminal receives before a court of justice praise? One would think not. But he confesses his judgment to be peculiar, and he may, for any thing I know to the contrary, consider it an honor to be hanged.

"In silent regret, LAMENT the disappointments of the world."—He will perhaps soon tell us of the silent bellowings of a bull.

It is not necessary by increasing the number of errors to extend the length of this production. It is already beyond the limits I had prescribed; and a reference to 'The Hive' will satisfy any person disposed to inquire, that these are not the tenth part of the errors and absurdities in his compositions, nor even the most glaring.

Now, sir, permit me to use an illusion of your own: the ladder is taken from under you, and you lie sprawling in the mud of ignorance and disgrace. Derive not consolation from the idea that these are the only errors in your compositions; for a sufficient number is still left to deprive you of all claim to the merit of a correct and elegant writer. As you possess not judgment to distinguish them, some friend will perhaps perform the benevolent action, and convince you of the truth of my assertion. To give reformation to the world was the task you had arrogantly undertaken, but you have fallen far short of it. Pope did not advert to such scribblers as yourself, when he composed the two lines which you have quoted, or he would have written,

"In every work regard the writer's end,

"Since some do compass more than they intend."

This you have done. For instead of exterminating vice, you have left monuments of your own ignorance and contemptibleness.

JACK FURBELOW.

FOR THE HIVE.

Remember—addressing himself to Sally Heedless—the arrows of criticism and ridicule fly with velocity, but often strike the plank of good sense, and rebound with deadly force upon the drawers of the bow.

Yours lovingly,

Tom Careless.

TO become a scribbler, is to become the object of criticism. The latter is almost as uniformly the attendant of the former, as the moon is of the earth; with this difference, however, that, instead of elucidating, it not unfrequently renders the subject of its remarks, more dark and unintelligible. This unfortunately takes place as well in subjects moral as physical. Many of the sublime

passages of sacred writ, which for simplicity and perspicuity, have seldom been equalled and never surpassed, have often been perverted from their original meaning by the incorrect criticisms of a vitiated judgment; and so far from furthering the cause of christianity and morality, have involved the world in endless polemic contention. However absurd may be the visionary ideas of a Voltaire, a Hume, and a Berkley, generated by a too critical and metaphysical attention to words, yet no one can deny, that many calamities have resulted from their infidel doctrines.

To criticise justly, is to criticise logically, and to the advantage of mankind. Has this been the case, when the expansive mind of a Johnson, or the splenetic disposition of a Sieyes, have deigned to notice the lucubrations of an author?—That liberality of sentiment and correctness of judgment so essentially requisite in forming the judge and the critic, is seldom found in the writings of any author either of the present, or of any former age. Was candor always the characteristic trait of the Roman *literati*? No. Were the minds of a Voltaire and a Pope always unbiassed by external circumstances or unruffled by literary jealousy? To this, the morose disposition of the one, and the ill-natured and satirical Dunciad of the other, answer in the negative. How then, it is asked, can it be expected that the criticisms of a *Careless* or a *Furbelow*, emanate from minds, correct in taste, and infallible in judgment, when the first literary characters have been misled by a hypercritical attention to language and misconception of ideas? In the critical remarks of these luminaries of the day, they would fain wish to make their readers believe that they know something of logic. From premises unfounded, they draw deductions totally absurd and ridiculous; and by a curious association of ideas, compare Bloods and Beaux, to peacocks, turkeys, ganders, turkey-buzzards & sparrows—nay, even to fools. Thus too by a syllogism as logical as it is elegant, it is attempted to be proved that because asses have ears and men have ears, it naturally follows that men are asses; and from this the conclusion is drawn, that the profound scholar and correct critic, Tom Careless, is an ass.

Whether the arguments of these witty gentlemen attempting to prove each other, and mankind in general, fools and asses, be legitimate and not mere sophisms, the writer of this leaves to the judicious reader to determine. For his own part, he has not hitherto entertained so mean an opinion of his fellow-citizens, or of himself, as to conceive that they and he are all of the *idiotic* or *brute* creation. True it is, however, that the depravity of man is awfully great. Innumerable are the vices and follies of the present age; and calamitous the consequences resulting from them, both to the individual and to society: Yet avert it heaven, that the cri-

terion, by which man may be distinguished from the rest of the material world, should ever be want of *acuse* and *long ears*.

TIM THOUGHTLESS.

P. S. In courts of justice, truth is frequently arrived at, by certain speedy processes—such as granting writs of attachment, writs *de ventre inspiciendo* and *de rationabili parte bonorum*, &c. &c. By these means may it not be possible to ascertain whether Furbelow be really a fool, and Careless an ass? Entertaining the idea that it may, it is therefore—in the language of the gentlemen of the bar—with great submission, prayed—that a writ *de idiota inquirendo* be granted, in order to ascertain the present state of Furbelow's mind:—and further, that a writ of inspection be granted, to examine the ears of Careless; inasmuch as long ears may frequently be concealed under a full-bottomed-wig, or a large hat. T. T.

DISTRESS OF PENURY.

THE following interesting law case, is from a Dublin paper of Nov. 27, 1802;—Thomas Edward Bellamy, found guilty of passing, to a Mr. Sparrow, a bill on Messrs. Cox & Greenwood, of London, army agents, for 30l st. with the names of these gentlemen forged, as acceptors to it, was put to the bar to receive sentence. He appeared strongly affected—and holding up a written paper, entreated the court would permit their officer to read it aloud, as from the agitated state of his feelings, he was incapable of addressing the bench himself. The paper, with the consent of the court, was read by the acting clerk of the crown. Its contents were to the following effect:

"That the culprit had justly been found guilty of a crime, which distresses in his family, almost unexampled, had in a moment of despair, compelled him to commit—that he entered the army as commissioned officer in the year 1794, in which he remained in active service, principally in Ireland, until the heads of the late rebellion were crushed—that he became acquainted with his present afflicted wife in this country, and from a mutual attachment which ensued, married her—that a growing family was the consequence, for whose support, he for a long time used every honest and active exertion in his power: finding the army too expensive, he quitted his regiment to seek some decent civil employment, the highest object of his ambition—for this purpose he procured letters of recommendation to Lord Wentworth, and to Mr. Hawkins Brown, in England, a distant relation of his wife. In several applications he made for employment, he uniformly failed, and from his repeated disappointments his family had been involved in new scenes of calamity and distress—he was at length obliged to accept an Ensign's commission in a fensible regi-

ment, in which he remained some time, struggling with fresh trials of adversity, and increasing accumulated debts, which the necessary support of his family induced; when to avoid the horrors of a prison, which he saw inevitable, he quitted the army again, and was thrown on the world, without a single guinea or a single friend. The distresses of his family were such, that they were obliged to live for a considerable time deprived of all sustenance except what they could derive from scanty and precarious meals of bread and tea—that the last time his wife was confined in child-bed, a single shilling they did not possess. Lodging in an obscure garret, she was delivered without surgical aid and destitute of every species of those conveniences almost indispensable with females in her condition, being herself without clothes, and to procure a covering for her new-born infant, all their resources were exhausted. In this situation his wife and child must inevitably have starved, were it not for the loan of five shillings, which he walked from London to Blackheath to borrow; he made a most solemn appeal to heaven, as to the truth of every particular he stated;—and that so far from wishing to exaggerate a single fact, he suppressed many more instances of calamity scarcely to be paralleled, which delicacy forbade him to mention, however excusable the relation of them might be in his present situation—that after the disgrace brought upon himself by this single transaction, life could not be a boon he would be anxious to solicit, but that nature pleaded in his breast for a deserving wife and helpless child!—It was not from a principle of ill-timed pride that he was obliged to declare that she was a gentlewoman reared in affluence, with refined sentiments, and every amiable propensity—she was at present so far advanced in her pregnancy, as to expect to be delivered in February next—he therefore humbly supplicated the humane interposition of the court, at least to have the execution of his sentence suspended until after that event, as otherwise he had just reason to apprehend that the lives of his unhappy partner, from the state of her spirits, and unborn babe, would also become sacrifices for his crime!"

Mr. McNally, as councillor for the crown, addressed the court on behalf of his client, Mr. Sparrow, who instructed him to avail himself of the first opportunity of stating to their lordships, that a sense of public justice alone had compelled him to institute this prosecution; that he felt for this unhappy gentleman's distresses, which he knew to have been such in life as few in like encounter, and that his statement of them was far short of the actual sufferings of his unfortunate family.

At the reading of this calamitous case, their lordships seemed in a peculiar manner struck with that sympathy which the subject

had universally excited. Judge Finnecane addressed the prisoner in a very feeling style, informed him that the court felt it their duty not only to forward to government for his majesty's pardon, the recommendation of the jury in his favor, but the affecting statement of his case, together with the representation which Mr. McNally made from the prosecutor. He hoped he would be more fortunate than others in similar circumstances had been, in applying for royal mercy in Great-Britain, where the crime of forgery is held in particular abhorrence. He exhorted the prisoner, however, to prepare for the worst, and lamented the necessity of pronouncing the fatal sentence of the law, which was death.

Mr. Bellamy was only twenty-seven years of age when he was executed. Colonel Latouch humanely informed Mr. Bellamy that his wife and children should be provided for, when he exclaimed, "*that now his consolation was complete.*"

The prisoner's whole demeanor was truly affecting; he had the address of a gentleman, and the aspect of one whose heart and feelings were borne down by compunction and adversity.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend; tell me will he weep with you in the house of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions which others are ridiculing and censuring behind your back! Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapon at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and administer the balm of consolation to your fainting spirits? And lastly when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart?

The man who will not do this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, believe me, he is not your FRIEND.

HE that artificially raises his spirits by drinking, will find them sink and flag in proportion: and then they must be raised again: and so on till he has no spirits to raise.

ERRATA.

In a part of our impression of last week, the two first lines under the Lancaster head, was transposed.

In the 3d line of the 3d stanza of the piece signed W—m. which appeared in page 60, for "*to serve,*" read "*too sure.*"

Lancaster, October 5, 1803.

DIED, on Monday the 3d instant, *HENRY BRADBURN*, aged ten months, son of Mr. John Bradburn, of this borough.

Farewell sweet little cherub, fare thee well;
How happy now—sure all thy sufferings end:
—A father's and a mother's grief,
And every care, that a fond parent, for a darling child
Could give—all, all! would not suffice:
A greater and far better father call'd.

And sure with pleasure thou did'st hear the summons,
For with patience, sweeten'd with a kind assurance,
Thou did'st drink the bitter draught,
That truly taught us thou wert mortal.

When death at last had spread his chilling damps upon thee,
And touch'd by sympathy, thy feeling parents' breasts,
Even then the smile of innocence adorn'd thy countenance,
As if a certainty had taught thee disregard
Of death and all its terrors; and with a smile
Thou said'st exulting, now "grave where is thy victory."

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

Lancaster, Sept. 28, 1803.

BY appointment of the Presbytery of New-Castle, met at this place, we, this day, visited the School under the care of Messrs. John Riddle and James McCullough; and consider it incumbent upon us to declare our opinion that the specimens, which the pupils gave of their proficiency, are alike honorable to the teachers and to them. We cannot forbear to add our wishes that gentlemen of talents and zeal employed so usefully may receive encouragement and support proportioned to their exertions and their merit.

Francis A. Latta,
Charles Cummins,
John Waugh.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE FRUIT-BASKET.

*"The point to which our sweetest passions move,
Is to be truly lov'd, and fondly love."*

AS lately one morning, when rambling around,
On the commons of Lancaster, near the Race-ground;
The sun was just sipping the dews of the night,
The woods were illumed with a smile of delight.

A Lady! adorned with each juvenile charm,
With a Basket of Peaches inclosed in her arm,
An umbrella was negligent raised by the other,
While approaching, I thought that I felt like a brother:

With polish'd black eyes, and her black flowing hair;
I whispered, your picture I wish now, my Fair;
But the answer! (I cannot forget the bright Maid)
The original, sir, I imagined you said.

Sensibility, sweetness, with dignity beamed,
So benevolent beamed, that a Cherub she seemed;
That then, for the moment, the Muse may impart,
A drop of felicity fell on my heart.

Now the picture I slight, of the basket or eyes,
Since that morning, my LAURA alone is the prize;
For Cupid, improving the incident sweet,
Referred me to Hymen—the bliss to complete!

STREPHON.

Lancaster, 4. Octo. 1803.

FOR THE HIVE.

"Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appears in writing or in judging ill.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

To the Editor of 'The Hive.'

SIR,

A JUST and candid criticism is useful and proper. We are not apt to see our own imperfections: but, the universal principle of self-love not standing in our way, we readily discern the faults of others. If these be pointed out in a good-natured way, and by those who are capable to do it, the person that has committed them, will almost invariably take in good part the friendly correction;—consequently, he will, in most cases, profit by it;—and this is obviously one of the principal uses of a judicious criticism.

There are, however, a sort of critics every where, whose object is not to reprove or correct, with a view to produce amendment in others, but to gratify a snarling, cynical disposition in themselves. These, too, are generally incapable of exercising the true

functions of a critic. They have just talents enough, sometimes, to discern errors—from which nothing human is exempt—yet not a sufficient portion of genius, taste or learning, to show how they should be rectified. They are, however, never wanting an abundance of ill-nature, and this quality, mingled with a small share of what is commonly called low-humour, vents itself in splenetic effusions of the mind, which these folks mistake for genuine wit and cutting sarcasm.—While they think they are inflicting pain on the object of their spleen, and are indulging a malignant grin in the contemplation of the charming idea, they are exciting no other emotions than those of pity and contempt.

The splenetic criticisms of your correspondent CRITES, which appeared in your last number, at first I did not intend noticing; but as he has evidently betrayed his own ignorance and ill-nature, I cannot help sending you a few observations on them. Had Mr. Crites written his criticisms with the laudable intention of improving the writer of the versification, he would have received my sincerest thanks; but as this does not appear to have been his design, I shall intrude, on the public notice, the following remarks on such of his criticisms as appear to be the effusions of ill-nature.

In the first place, after many pretty speeches, he talks about the "ostentatious signature of 'A youth not yet seventeen,'" and which he perverts to "*Here am I a Lad, and see what I can do.*"—Now, observe, Mr. Editor, the construction this would-be-witty critic has put upon a signature which was offered merely as an apology for the many faults the versification doubtless would contain. Is not this pitiful?—Does it become a man?—Would it have entered the mind of any person of candor?—No, certainly it never would.

"*Hunting on the plain.*"—This, he says, is quite a novel idea. Pray, Mr. Crites, where would you have them to hunt supposing their game was to abandon the woods, mountains, &c.? Certainly on the plain, or give over the chase. If they adopted the latter expedient, which is very improbable, they must have very materially differed from our modern sportsmen.

Indeed, the criticisms throughout, fully verifies the truth of the expression of Pope:

"There are who judge still worse than he can write."

The versification contains in all 187 lines; in these there are only three grammatical errors pointed out by Crites; all the rest of his criticisms scarcely deserve the name.

You must not infer from this, Mr. Editor, that I say it has no other faults. No, very far from it—for in the language of the poet:

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

"Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

Come, Mr. Crites, read, reflect, and be ashamed, that you, a person of mature

years, (as I fancy you are) have thus scurvily and ungenerously attacked the first performance of *A Youth not yet Seventeen.*

A comparative view of the utility of the different branches of EDUCATION.

1. A fair hand; good spelling; a knowledge of orthography, arithmetic, and geography, are like *small coin, silver pieces and pennies*, which enable a man to travel every where, and be at home in all countries.—They are alike current in market-places and stores, and are equally necessary to men of all professions and occupations; to attempt to live in society without this *ready change*, is like attempting to live without air.

2. Natural and political history; the practical branches of the metaphysics, and the mathematics, and the French and German languages, and a knowledge of the arts of promoting national happiness; by means of free governments, may be compared to *guineas, louis d'ors and half joes*. They constitute the wealth of the mind, and qualify the men who possess them to become the pillars and ornaments of society.

3. The arts of communicating knowledge with ease and elegance, by means of speaking and writing, may be compared to *bank notes*, which are very valuable, and easily transferred from place to place, to the great emolument of society, without trouble or expence.

4. Astronomy, logic, and the *speculative sciences*, are like *family plate*, valuable in themselves, but proper only for persons of a certain rank, and entirely useless in the pursuits of the greatest part of mankind.

5. The Latin and Greek languages may justly be compared to *old continental money*. They are estimable only for the services they have performed. They resemble continental money further, in having injured, or ruined all those persons who have amassed great quantities of them, to the exclusion of more useful and necessary branches of education. [U. Asylum.]

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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